



# *the prairie fire*

**The Night Shift**  
**ROCK OVER RAPID,**  
**ROCK ON SIOUX FALLS**  
-THE SD MUSIC UNDERGROUND-  
**AN INTERVIEW WITH**  
**SLEEPEATER**  
**& more**

#2 Fall/Winter 04

P. O. Box 601  
Vermillion, SD 57069



# 2 TABLE OF DISCONTENTS-NO.2

## NEWS

Don't JUST vote!  
Vermillion Demo... 4  
Dumpster Diving  
Brigade's Report... 10  
Rapid City School  
of Free Thought... 14  
Des Moines Crimethink  
Convergence Report... 15  
Lolcat a Delegation  
Resists Lewis and  
Clarke Reenactors... 16

## POETRY

July 4  
by Chantel Guidy... 11  
Inferno in Old Navy  
by Stan... 20  
War Torn  
by Chantel... 24

THE NIGHT SHIFT  
by Tristan Irwin  
p.6

Interviewed ACHARDEN  
with ZERDO  
p.17 SLEEPER  
ROCK OVER MIND,  
ROCK ON  
GOODS  
ABLE  
p.21

A NOTE ON THE RECENT  
FBI HARASSMENT  
p.12

Listening For the  
REVOLUTION  
p.23

DRADICALS  
COMMUNIST  
WORK  
S  
T  
A  
RADICALS.ORG

THE PRAIRIE FIRE NO.2 WINTER 04/05  
PRODUCED IN PART BY VERMILLION'S  
COMMUNITY FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE.  
AVAILABLE ONLINE AT: WWW/PRAIRIEFIRE.ORG  
SUBMISSIONS ARE WELCOME!  
EMAIL: PRAIRIEFIRE@SDRADICALS.ORG  
MAIL  
COMMUNITY FOR PEACE & JUSTICE  
PO BOX 601  
VERMILLION SD 57069  
DONATIONS  
ARE ACCEPTED  
AND WELCOME!  
DONATE THROUGH  
PAYPAL ONLINE @  
SDRADICALS.ORG  
OR SEND TO  
ABOVE ADDRESS  
CONTACT: 605.261.1111

# GET YOUR PEACE OUT!



## HELP US!

We need your help! Send us art, articles, stamps, donations (greatly appreciated!). It costs about \$20 to print 50 copies of PF. A little money goes a long way!

All PF material is submitted by people in South Dakota and across the Great Plains. Send us your stuff!

Prairie Fire  
PO Box 601  
Vermillion, SD 57069

prairiefire@sdradicals.org

Join Vermillion's Community for Peace and Justice -  
We meet every Thursday at 7 PM in the CSC, USD,  
Vermillion, SD. www.sdradicals.org



Q: When will the war be over?



A: WHEN WE END IT!

IT'S UP TO US- THE AMERICAN POPULATION- TO SHUT DOWN THE US MILITARY MACHINE, TO BRING OUR TROOPS HOME, AND TO REFUTE THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION'S LIES. THE ELITES WANT A STATE OF PERPETUAL WAR- WE DEMAND PEACE!

another insurgent



As the war  
escalates,  
so must  
our  
resistance!

The US military aggressively invaded, unprovoked; a third-world country. Well over 10,000 innocent civilians have been murdered by US soldiers- nearly 10 times the amount of US soldiers killed. In Iraq, courageous civilians continue to resist against foreign occupation and oppression. In solidarity with them, we demand peace!

[www.sdradicals.org](http://www.sdradicals.org)

Through  
Capitalism,

Johnny  
saw  
the  
world  
with new eyes!

APPROBATION



As temperatures fell in the afternoon to near freezing, numbers stayed strong. More banners were made and posted just barely outside the 100-ft "No Campaigning Zone." A large black sign proclaimed "It doesn't matter who you vote for-we can not be governed!" Anarchist flags went up and a "Liberated Zone" was formed.

One policewoman arrived and ordered the demonstrators to stay off the nearby school's property-where the volleyball net wall of protest stood. A few of the protesters went to the school's principal to inquire what the wall of protest stand-meaning the cop had made up the complaint.

At noon, two demonstrators, members of the local direct-action activist group Community for Peace and Justice, arrived at Vermillion's main voting station, with banners that read "If we want to end war, who do we vote for?" and "Voting against him isn't enough-Jail Bush!" Within an hour, more than twenty others joined. As the numbers grew, duct tape, spray paint, and other materials were gathered for sign-making. Voters exited the polls and picked up "Don't Just Vote!" signs. A volleyball net was erected to hold more banners, and both sides of the street were lined with signs. Passers-by were encouraged to add their own opinions to the wall of protest, and their messages ranged from the liberal ("We beat Bush once, we'll do it again!") to the revolutionary ("Choose your Master." "It's not just Bush, it's the System"), with the bizarre thrown in ("Bush hates the Red Sox," "Eat more Bush").

For eight hours on Election Tuesday, voters at the polls in Vermillion, South Dakota, were confronted by a spontaneous radical demonstration, that "Voting is not enough."

# **DON'T JUST VOTE. DEMONSTRATE.**

## **Reviewers Reach Consensus on the**

### **Anarchist Cookbook: "It Sucks"**

Anyone else see this movie? I didn't like it much. Basically a rip off of SLC Punk and Fight Club but more about anarchists and anarchists communities instead. It follows the same plot.

No I have not heard of it. Not as fake as the other two is it? Please tell me they do not make anarchists come off violent.

Looks like bullshit and with wrong representation of a movement not to be trusted. The anarchist cookbook was written by the CIA and the formulas are wrong. I have a copy this shit will blow up in your face. Beware, this looks like another thing to discredit a movement and cash in on it.

<http://www.anarchistcookbookthemovie.com/main.html>  
Here is the start of some links  
<http://www.spunk.org/library/intro/sp000464.txt>

yeah, the reviews i read in the alternative and anarchist press were pretty exactly ecstatic about it, but i think ill be worth watching... maybe tomorrow, do i have a date?

If anyone has a chance to watch the movie, don't waste your time: it's a complete tripe wrapped in a pretty looking package.

ph man, the Anarchist Cookbook is so bad i couldnt even finish it, i had to leave, dont ever see it, its beyond belief

**URGENT URGENT URGENT**

Public response to the demo was typical. Many showed support, others disgust. Some contributed to the communal food pile. One woman arrived near the demo's end with cases of hot chocolate and bags of leftover Halloween candy.

As night fell and the polls closed, the protesters dwindled in numbers, but the Liberated Zone remained. At least fifty people participated in the demo overall, and some stayed for the full eight hours.

The demonstrators here did more than vote on Election Day. In the end (this being written one day later), the votes they cast meant little. The demonstration, however, was powerful.

Now that Bush has been re-elected, we can be sure that the next four years will be among the bloodiest and most violent this nation has ever seen. Bush's goals and tactics have been constrained by hopes for a second term-he has nothing to lose now. The activists in Vermillion hope that as domestic repression and foreign conflict increases, new bonds of solidarity will be formed amongst communities of resistance.

**OMAHA NEWS!**  
<http://omahajmc.org/>  
**MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL**  
<http://twincities.indymedia.org/>

independent media center





# demo dates

- Chicago: November 21st to 23rd in South Suburban Chicago the Illinois Tactical Officers Association will hold its annual conference.
- Chicago: Dec 16-19, the US Army - Chicago Recruiting Battalion Annual Training Conference will be held at the Mile, with a delegate attendance of 400.
- Kansas City, MO: The American Jail Association will host its Annual Training Conference & Jail Expo, May 15th through May 19th 2005.
- Kansas City, MO: The International Association of College Law Enforcement Agencies will hold its Annual Conference from June 25th - 29th, 2005
- Louisville, Kentucky: The National Sheriffs Association will hold its Annual Conference from June 25th to 29th, 2005
- Chicago: Police Security Midwest August 23 and 24, 2005
- Chicago: The National Convention Center Redevelopment Officials will hold its national Conference from October 9th to 11th.
- Chicago: Biotech Conference in June 2006.

What do we suggest you do about these events? Research them, study them, and organize street resistance in the way only the people can. More information on organizing efforts will be forthcoming, and send us your plans, ideas and info about other protest events being planned that need support.

Organize locally, network regionally, and revolutionize the world! See you in the streets!

People are dying—  
People are dead.  
How dare we believe  
that life can ever be the same.  
Chantel C. Guidry  
May 2003

Too caught up contemplating  
death in the desert.  
Not just soldiers—  
mamas and babies—  
daddies and kids—  
killed by bombs and guns,  
thirst and starvation.

But at the time war was announced,  
I felt nothing other than shock.  
All I could do was  
tightly grip my best friend's hand  
and swallow my flood of tears.  
I might have exploded—  
I could be a human bomb  
of righteous anger—  
but my rage  
won't bring about  
more love.

War is not  
a sporting event.  
We can't cheer the home team  
and go about our lives  
pretending that killing each other  
doesn't make a difference—  
murder changes everything.

I've lost two sets of keys  
in as many months—  
too distracted to remember  
where I've set them down  
or notice when they fall  
from my pocket.  
Can barely keep up a conversation  
before my train of thought  
derails.

We all knew there would be an invasion  
long before March 19th rolled around.  
The urban cowboy in the White House  
had been talking it up for months.  
Dude must think he is John Wayne.

Who will witness  
blood and gristle—  
hearts and lungs?  
We'd rather not  
have to see.  
How can anyone call this massacre  
liberation?

In these times  
no span of attention  
stepping out in front of cars—  
too little sleep  
and not enough protest.

**War Torn**



## Listening for the Revolution

(Excerpt from *The Last Liberal Outlaw*)  
Mike Palecek

"Having lived in the area most of his life, Tom knew that in northwest Iowa, handmade boards and signs rented from U-Haul dot the highways: Are You a Slave to Alcohol? If Your Bible is in Good Shape, You Probably Aren't; God Bless America.

"But pockets of cynical populists also inhabit the back country, waiting. They do not put messages on their lawns. They send joke suggestions to Garrison Keillor and review new fiction for the New Yorker. Their grandfathers loved Eugene Debs and Robert La Follette and learned to despise Woodrow Wilson. Their grandmothers admired Dorothy Day and Jeannette Rankin. And they learned at their knees about a day when life was hands-on, when people read and cared about what was happening, and followed the deeds of national leaders as if they were sitting at the weekly sales barn auction or reading the minutes of the local school board meeting or coop association.

"They followed Jack Reed and his fascination with the Russian revolution. They rooted for Marshalltown's Jean Seberg, hoping the government would leave her alone. It angered them when they read that she had died.

"They go to the church meetings and school plays realizing they enter and exit always slightly out of step with their neighbors.

"At election time they enter the middle school gym with seed corn caps in hand, write in their wildest hopes, then go home to fill their walks looking up every now and again at the sound of the city snowplow scraping, listening for the revolution."

For more information visit [www.iowapeace.com](http://www.iowapeace.com).

This fall Mike Palecek's newest book will be released by New Leaf Books of Chicago. "The Last Liberal Outlaw" tells the story of a small town Iowa newspaper editor fighting the proposed construction of a corporate federal prison near town. Palecek is from Norfolk, Nebraska and lives in northwest Iowa with his wife Ruth and two kids. Ruth is from rural Freeman, South Dakota. Mike is a former federal prisoner, for peace, newspaper reporter, and was the Iowa Democratic Party's nominee for the U.S. House in the Fifth District, 2000 election.

The man looked up distrustfully. "If thou speakest the truth," said he, "I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which hath been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare."

Its strange... the music that you hear/when nothing but noise surrounds you... there are people all around you... but you are all alone, hearing a symphony of sounds that blend and fade in and out into music... music like none that you have ever heard, or ever hear again... for that moment it's beautiful... then it's gone... like it never existed in the first place. I work the night shift. Its crappy work, but I can't do any better. I go to class in the morning, the afternoon, and at night I do the night shift, 5pm-2am each and every day, weekends included. It's killing me slowly, I get about 4-5 hours of sleep each day, and I barely eat, when I'm not working, and I constantly miss class because my body knows I need to sleep when my alarm clock says I should be awake. All day, I drift through life around me, barely recognizing anything around me as real or imagined. Strange things go on in my head, weird lines from obscure sources.

"In a war of revolutionary character, guerrilla operations are a necessary part."

Propaganda, rhetoric, culture, it doesn't matter, all aspects of life are stolen and processed and turned into a mindless tumble of noise in my head.

"You look burnt or DEAD"

Nobody pays attention to you when you are a walking zombie, I walk down the street, talking to myself, making weird gestures, and occasionally bursting out laughing when I think of a particularly funny line. Nobody gives a second look to a guy wearing pajamas wandering through a college campus, so long as he has that look in his eyes.

<sup>1</sup> Nietzsche, Friedrich. Thus Spake Zarathustra. Trans. Thomas Common. 7 September 2003. <<http://eserver.org/philosophy/nietzsche-zarathustra.txt>>

<sup>2</sup> Mao Tse Tung. On Guerrilla Warfare. Trans Samuel B. Griffith. Illinois: Illinois UP

<sup>3</sup> Chapman, Mike Chapman, Matt. "Teen Girl Squad: Episode 1" Homestar Runner. 7 September 2003 <<http://www.homestarrunner.com/igs1.html>>



Perhaps the greatest contribution to this network has been the growth of local message boards and music-related websites. The site Wipe Your Eyes ([www.wipeyoureyes.com](http://www.wipeyoureyes.com)) covers

music mostly in Sioux Falls and the eastern part of the state, and hosts an active message board. Across the river, Rapid City Punk Rock ([www.cameranoise.com/rcpunkrock](http://www.cameranoise.com/rcpunkrock)) covers the Spearfish area scenes. Apunkpage ([www.apunkpage.net](http://www.apunkpage.net)) takes care of Aberdeen. There are numerous other local sites across the state. The SD Radicals ([www.sdradicals.org](http://www.sdradicals.org)) attempt to network all of the bands, scenes, and websites statewide, and that is the project I have been working on this past year.

There are four major scenes in South Dakota: Aberdeen, Sioux Falls, Pierre, and Rapid City/Spearfish. Each one is unique; of course what I will tell you are only my personal impressions from my experiences in these towns—other people have had different views about the scenes and bands.

Personally, I think the "best" scene in the state is in Pierre. There, the kids go crazy for almost every band, regardless of the style. In July, The Great Redneck Hope headlined a show. The place was packed and there was complete moshing chaos for the entire twelve-minute hardcore set. Following them was a very mellow acoustic pop group from North Dakota called Ink Please. Amazingly, the same kids that had been beating themselves up minutes earlier stayed and listened to this next band's entire set also. That meant a lot to the artists. Perhaps because of this hospitality and respect for bands, most touring groups call Pierre the best place to play in the state.

For such a small town, Pierre has also produced some amazing bands. Diseased is well-known across the state for their incredible musicianship. Lack of Civil Order impressed crowds on tours to Vermillion and Huron.

Many of the scenes in the state seem incomplete and undeveloped. Hopefully, projects like the various new zines (including the Prairie Fire) and the various message boards will help strengthen our communities. With a little infrastructure in place, communication can increase, more bands will come through our region, and everyone will benefit.

"In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible because there will be no words in which to express it."

I don't know what I am doing, all I really do is just let go and let my body do the walking.

"Ya'll are so wack. Wigidy-wack? Nope. Just regular type."

I surround myself with this false world that seems to construct itself; during the day, I live it, and there is nothing but it.

In retrospect, even those accomplishments which seemed perfect when accomplished, may seem imperfect and ill formed, but this does not mean that such accomplishments have outlived their usefulness."

I could be sitting in the CSC foaming at the mouth, spitting out communist theory, and nobody would give me a second thought. They would know from the desperate dead look in my eyes that I worked my ass off, that I gave it all I got, that I put my soul into it, and didn't get anything back.

"Now, where there is clarity, there is no choice. And where there is choice, there is misery. But then, why should anyone listen to me, or should I speak, since I know nothing?"

I would work less, but I would lose my job, and I need the money, next paycheck I should get enough for a car. I said that last paycheck, but there was the electric bill, and the one before that, there was rent, and the one before that, I had 7 checks over drafted. I can't get my car yet, but I make due with Ebay, buying this or that, isn't that expensive, just all my spare cash goes to it. That's why I work the night shift, I don't know Ted that well, but I'd sell him my mind, body, and soul for \$8.64 an hour...

Tonight I was in the zone, not figuratively, but literally. The zones are the areas on the line where people take the parts and put them in boxes, all other positions are there to support the zones. There are 6 zones, 00-05; I was in 00, that's the 'zone'. All the other zones are just places where you

stand and grab parts off the rack and scan em and put em in a box; in zone 00 you 'clashed parts'. I was an expert at chasing parts, I could fill a S9 in less time than it took for my partner to scan it, I was in the zone that night, I guess figuratively AND literally.

We were on a two-day rotation, it was my third day in the zone, I loved nothing better than the zone; the lady I was working with was scanning the parts as fast as she could, I was grabbing more and more boxes, and overfilling them with parts, when I left a full box, I would tell her what kinda box she needed to send down the line. Numbers ran in my head and in my veins: 7504012-Norton Internet Security, 9903812-Laptop case, 5500223-128 meg dms; I would go 'down yonder' to chase a box of 5506667 parts, we always ran out of them. S9 orders always asked for at least one of them, and there were 50 in a box. 128 meg flash cards, I kinda want one, don't know why, maybe because everyone else wanted them, and

<sup>4</sup>Orwell, George. Nineteen Eighty-four. 1949. 7 September 2003: <http://www.online-literature.com/orwell/1984/>

<sup>5</sup>Chapman, Mike. Chapman, Matt. "Teen Girl Squad: Episode 4" *Homestar Runner* 7 September 2003 <<http://www.homestarrunner.com/tgs4.html>>

<sup>6</sup>Lao Tzu. Tao Te Ching. Trans. Stan Rosenthal. 7 September 2003 <<http://www.clas.ufl.edu/users/glaursby/taoistv/tcstan3.htm>>

<sup>7</sup>Head, Dir. Bob Rafelson. Perf. Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork, Michael Nesmith. *Dinner for Eight*. 1968



they slipped through my fingers into the box, just to be sent down the line and into a UPS truck. Next it was the 800 parts, Monster brand cables, there were about 20 of them. I went shopping each order, started at the start of the rack, walked down, grabbing a 32, a 33, two 35s and three 45s.

The number system was kinda messed up, but it made perfect sense when you were in the zone, 900 parts were paper, cases and such, 800 parts were cables and other things, 700 parts were accessories, 600 parts were internal parts, 500 were drives and memory, 400 parts were processors, 100 and 200 parts were kits that the klitters built. I did kits for portables a few times, not my kinda work; all you have to do is lay out a bunch of parts and put as many as you need in a bag, then seal the bag.

Being in 00, I had to chase parts from 05 too, I am not sure why, I guess they decided that 00 had too many parts (over 1000), and there was no station 05, so zone 00 got it. Anything that wasn't getting enough demand went to 00, so we had all of the obscure stuff: stuff like AC aptors for a laptop that has been obsolete for 2 years, and that one sheet of paper you get with a new computer that tells you how to hook it up.

I ran (even though I wasn't supposed to) to get my parts, and I filled boxes faster than I could even believe, and all that went on around me was chaos, dodging someone with an armful of Logitech cordless keyboards, then randomly asking someone who looked confused what they were looking for.

"3820" she would reply.

"What! First three?"

"751"

"What is it?"

"What" she would ask. Nobody ever thinks about what the parts are, they just think about numbers and look on the rack in the right order.

"What is it?"

"I don't know" she would reply, like she didn't understand what I was asking.

"Gimme the tag"

I then had to quickly scan the list of parts, I knew what it was, a DVD case program. They were on the disk rack until today when they moved them to the main rack. Roxio, yep, I knew, where they were.

"Just a sec...How many..." and I ran off and came back, parts in hand, plus a 7513970, HALO for the Xbox, for my order.

Right then, the supervisor called me; I'm 'needed' on the tape machine. Yea, I'll show him need, he just wants me there because I didn't do a full day today, half a day isn't good enough for him, so he's gotta put me on the worst job at the place.

Taping isn't a very glorious job, all you do is shove a box into the tape machine, it hits a button, the machine raises up, drops down on top of the box, then the belt drags it through, and cuts the tape. Support role...the zones need guys to shut the boxes, I was good at the tape machine, even though there wasn't much still to it, I could refill the machine in very little time, and I could unjam it with my eyes closed. Plus, I was right next to the Over-pack machine, or 'bubble' machine as it is commonly referred to. Ever since the day I learned how to refill the thing, they have put people on it who don't know how, so I get to do it every time, just now, I'm close enough to it so they don't have to hunt me down.

8

## ROCK OVER RAPID. ROCK ON SPOON FALLS!

A quick run-down on SD scenes

For three October days, an insatiable appetite for independent music led us to almost every sizable town in the eastern half of South Dakota. On Thursday evening, the hard screamo Los Assos Waxos opened for Q And Not U and Black Eyes-louing artists from the East Coast. On Friday, we dropped by a punk show in Pierre. Leaving our car in Huron the following morning, we hitched a ride north with members of Burke's Guns of August. That night in Aberdeen we witnessed an amazing battle of the bands with participolling talents including Messing With Texas and Strategy.

In South Dakota-the rural heartland of country western music-we witnessed fifteen bands play every conceivable style of music from death metalcore to dance-pop at shows in very different parts of the state. We lived in the scene underground of musicians and fans who share a love for indie music.

In bars, basements, and garages from Brookings to Spearfish, the music scene in South Dakota is thriving. Compared to other parts of the country, this state's indie music scene might be relatively small and underdeveloped, but the fact that there is such a thing could almost be considered a miracle.

Bands and fans are all over South Dakota, and they keep in touch with each other through a (primarily online) network. If you know who to talk to, or where to get information, it is easy to be informed of almost every show in the region, even those played in the bands' garages and basements.

There are more than one hundred bands in the state. Some belong to familiar genres, such as the metal of Sioux Falls' Rapid Fusion. Pierre's Diseased churn out a distinctively brutal type of old school-hardcore. There are also many bands, such as Burly, that strike out their own territory with juxtaposed genres and eclectic influences.



# I AM AN

I am an inferno in Old Navy  
I like to burn up all their clothes  
While waving the black flag of liberty  
As the flames engulf Old Glory  
(Symbolic of slavery)  
The red, white, and blue goes down in history  
As another corporate logo  
Its democracy's a no-show  
Go slow around children  
'Cuz they're wiser than you know  
Not yet having fully accepted the Spectacle  
They are friends of fire  
I would like department stores  
If they were free of buyers  
And burning like rubber tires  
From cars no longer in use  
Because all the asphalt's on fire  
Capitalism's sell-by date has expired  
And it can't exploit anything new  
Humanity reaches higher  
Past the wires  
And computers and bourgeoisie blues  
Flee to the mountains-  
The apocalypse looms!  
US superpower is a harbinger of doom!  
The price of dying is expected to soar  
As the real terrorists find room  
Knocking on the government-inn's door  
The merchants mourn but not the poor  
At the sight revealed at the end of the war:  
The defeat of the state-capitalist system-  
The Beast-Babylon's whore

# INFERNO

20

All I need is to be in the zone, get a rhythm going on, get a connection with my partner, figure out what she wants me to do to make our work go smoothly. No talking, no communication, just working, and working until everything works flawlessly. The two on the other line don't understand what it means to be in the zone, all they do is talk, and let boxes pile up behind the taper. The lady doing labels on the other side trained me; luckily, I didn't learn how to be a slacker like she is. All I need to worry about is the task at hand, gotta find my center.

Push a box, tape rips off the rolls, push a box, tape rips off the rolls. Conveyers rattle constantly, every wheel humming to itself, rolling independently, and each together. The bubble machine adds to the sound, cha-clink, hiss, cha-clink, hiss... then there is the label machine after the taper, every time my new partner scans a box, it beeps, then hums, then a label spits out.

My partner is a very nice deaf lady... I bet she hears this kinda music all the time... moments like this... lost in the refrain of the night... none of the noise of the day... its almost peaceful... in a sort of lonely way... that's what I go to work for... not really the money... but next paycheck, I just might have enough for that car.

... "Not at all," said Zarathustra, "thou hast made danger thy calling: therein there is nothing contemptible. Now thou perishest by thy calling: therefore will I bury thee with mine own hands."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Nietzsche, Friedrich. *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Trans. Thomas Common. 7 September 2003. <<http://eserver.org/philosophy/nietzsche-zarathustra.txt>>





**The Dumpster Diving**  
 Brigade of Vermillion  
 would like to thank  
 everyone who has thrown  
 out useful things over the  
 past few months. An  
 update on liberated trash:  
 5/7/04

- Thus far:
- 1 black bookshelf
  - 1 white bookshelf
  - 2 blue bean-bag arm chairs
  - 2 blue bean bag cushions
  - 4 boxes of Krispy Kreme doughnuts (what Atkins diet?)
  - 2 black steel bookshelves
  - 1 alarm clock/Soothing sounds" white noise player
  - 1 broom
  - 1 mop
  - 1 black leather bar in good condition with two shelves.
  - 1.5' by 3.5'
  - 1 pair of shoes
  - 2 teal retro-style armchairs
  - 1 dresser (not so good condition)
  - 1 box of alcohol, including: Jim Beam, Kahlua, Amaretto, Peachtree Schnapps, Stolichnaya vodka, Montezuma tequila (all open, less than 10% was gone of each)
  - 1 bamboo couch (this was a white back, in New York, but its in our pad in Verm now)
  - 1 swivelling, raise-and-lower barber-shop chair
  - 1 welcome mat
  - 1 wooden bookshelf
  - 3 cases of flowers, seeds, and vegetables
  - We have found a portable pet kennel, if anyone needs it...?
  - 1 cheeseburger (and fries with that)
  - 2 tough cardboard bookshelves
  - 1 large cardboard bookshelf

1 large clear Bud Light sign  
 2 lamps  
 1 book listing addresses and phone numbers for multinational corporations operating out of India and Indonesia  
 Approximately 75 new, packaged PC microphones  
 3 boxes of cereal (we went back for milk...)

- 3 cups of yoghurt (we opened 3 to make sure they were okay)  
 a box of microwaveable pasta packets  
 a bag of jelly beans  
 a box of lasagna pasta  
 1 small white bookshelf  
 5 dyed reed-like plants  
 4 flower pots w/ roses and flowers  
 1 five-shelf cigarette case, complete with many brands  
 fake cigarette boxes (for a few crazy seconds we thought they were real and unopened)  
 2 dry-erase boards  
 2 huge wood bookshelves  
 1 cable modem (works)  
 3 large couches in good condition  
 1 recliner  
 1 couch  
 1 large elch a sketch type deal  
 1 Best of Lynard Skynard album  
 2 mix CDs w/ Adam Sandler, etc.  
 1 bag of folded clothing (we donated it to a refugee fund)  
 1 dazed and confused poster  
 1 welcome mat

bunch of flowers  
 golf club bag  
 bunch of golf clubs  
 2 couches (uhh, anybody need a couch? we're out of room)  
 4 notebooks (one filled with notes on heroin and the fashion industry, from Calvin Klein ads to Trainspotting)  
 1 full fire extinguisher (much fun)

- 3 wire keyboards  
 1 hard drive  
 1 Rampage 6-CD changer  
 a bunch of mouses
- 5/14/04  
 1 cd player (we found a tape inside, listening to it now)
- 5/15/04  
 2 lamps  
 3 trash cans  
 1 box of mac and cheese
- 5/16/04  
 2 huge bags of canned goods  
 1 computer  
 1 fulon

incomplete  
 list (this is all I list @ 11:50)  
 ONLINE  
 WWW.SDRADICALS.ORG  
 ENJOY THE  
 TASTE OF  
 CORRUPT  
 WASTE!

10!



**ATTENTION MUSICIANS!  
 PROMOTE YOURSELVES!**

Since May 2003, a small group of politically active musicians, promoters, poets, and music fans have run the Dakota Activist Musician Network, an online info shop serving the region's independent musicians and social activists, at <http://sdradicals.org>. This message is an invitation for ANYONE, regardless of political/ideological identification, to get involved. There are many ways you can help us while helping yourself as well.

100 local bands are listed on our site, with their hometown and the contact information we receive.

We promote shows from Cheyenne to Iowa City, from Omaha to Aberdeen.

Bands from all around the country are contacting us constantly because we've become what this region lacked: an easily accessible info shop for musicians and activists across South Dakota.

The Prairie Fire is the print zine we've published-the second issue should be out by the Fall. We cover music, album and zine reviews, and include articles, art, rants, columns, and news. Issue #1 is still available.

We have an online calendar that can be added to by the public.

We have an info shop/library, including hundreds of books, dozens of zines, posters, stickers, articles, albums, and pictures.

Possibly most importantly, our site links to hundreds of individuals, organizations, bands, and blogs that you might not be aware of. One of our core missions is to discover what is out there for musicians and activists, and then network everything we find, to increase communication between us all.

**HELP US HELP YOU**

- Is your band listed on our site? If not, send us the info!
- Link to our site! We're already linked to yours!
- Use the forums to keep the scene updated on news!
- Post show and tour info on our calendar!
- Join our online mailing list!
- Send posters and promo material to our PO-Box for distro!
- Send articles about your band for the Prairie Fire-or albums to review!

Most importantly, SPREAD THE WORD! Word of mouth has been the key to our success so far-along with a lot of hard work.

**DAKOTA  
 ACTIVIST  
 MUSICIAN  
 NETWORK  
 WWW.SDRADICALS.ORG**

Get involved-and we'll see you at the shows!

<http://sdradicals.org>

Email: [dannu@sdradicals.org](mailto:dannu@sdradicals.org)

Dakota Activist Musician Network  
 PO Box 601  
 Vermillion, SD 57069



Optimism oozes out of you guys. You can see it online with your posts, hear it coming from your music and see it when you play. Are you always high?

I think it's because we believe in each other and the music we make. I know it sounds cheesified, but it's how I feel. Another thing is that we appreciate each other's dedication and time spent trying to make this thing something cool and not the same music every show. We try to write a lot, and new music always makes you optimistic. It's like bringing life into the world, like you're a new parent or something. As for that last question, no comment...



what happened to the plan of moving to the West Coast by Christmas!!?!? you we're going to ditch us weren't you.

well, you know, it happens....But yeah, Dustin and Danny are in school right now, and it's easy to live in Sioux Falls cost-wise. We're not in a big hurry to get out, but it's something I think we want eventually. Adventure is the funnest part, right? I think it's on its way...

## Fig For Grant

Never eaten a fig, Kansas boy?

What do you do for pleasure here in the heavy summer heat if you can't pluck a juicy soft purple bruise from amidst

in sheer delight?  
What do hedonists do in Kansas during the long dry days of summer?

the fuzzy green leaves—  
pop it directly into your yearning mouth—  
shink hard teeth into an explosion of ambrosia—  
knees rattled back in your head

Chantel C. Guidry  
8-15-02

A list of Google searches that have led to a page on the DAMN site at [www.sdradicals.org](http://www.sdradicals.org)

united family  
millet hair  
"I actually did vote for the 87  
Billion before I voted against  
anarchists arrested in Iowa  
the best bushisms  
fbi intel bulletins  
walmart watch  
anarchists street radicals  
activists

Chantel C. Guidry  
10-15-03

On that day,  
nothing could quench my  
thirst.

mingled it with cantaloupe  
for a medley of melon.

peeled thin rind  
from pale green flesh—

middle—  
from the hollow in the  
scooped stinky seeds

honeydew—  
with dumptered  
You made poetry

our time to leave,  
waiting for  
of the food-strewn kitchen,  
is standing in  
at the military base  
protest  
about the time before the  
What I remember vividly

united bomber manifes  
walmart vermillion  
GPAN Meeting  
FBI Attacks  
walmart management  
compensation oregon  
micha wezel  
xevasionx  
crimethinc des moines  
chris sheets kirksville  
forum resistance movies  
cardboard bookshelf  
can you believe it?

public school funding  
france  
heal your vocal chords  
yankton damn  
chronic mass sioux falls  
26 federal plaza, offices, fbi,  
employees  
self defense class, omaha  
his pants falling

medea benjamin, dnc, code  
pink  
trying to contact intel  
kansas mutual aid collective  
midwest jewish bikers  
speasish norml  
tlopeka man detained patriot  
act  
yie band

gabriel jackson communist  
fbi detained activists  
?mc not welcome? message  
board  
great redneck hope  
jamie moran anarchist  
rob grabow college

George W. Bush  
WANTED  
DAMN online  
sdradicals.org

11







# Lakota Resists Clark Delegation Lewis and Clark Reenactment

Today, tribal members from the Lakota, Dakota, Ponca, Kiowa and Dine' Nations came to the Missouri River at Chamberlain, South Dakota to give the opportunity to the Lewis & Clark Expedition to turn back and cancel their re-enactment journey that began 200 years of genocide, land theft and resource exploitation from the Plains tribes.

Under highly visible protection from local and federal police, the Lewis & Clark re-enactors repeatedly stated "they cannot change history and turn back time", as they stood in their period costumes along the banks of the Missouri River.

Representatives of the American Friends Services Committee, the Mennonite Church and the United Nations Council on Genocide in anticipation of the heavy surveillance joined the tribal resistors by law enforcement.

The Lewis & Clark re-enactors offered a tomahawk pipe to the group of resistors who refused to smoke it. Strong words were made by tribal leaders Alex White Plume, Floyd Hand, Carter Camp, Alfred Bone Shirt, Russell Means and Vic Camp who advised the Lewis & Clark re-enactors that they were perpetuating the lies of American history.

Sept. 18, 2004

The spokespersons for the Lewis & Clark Commemoration continually undercut the demands of the resistors to cease their re-enactment voyage up the river. A few months after the original "Voyage of Discovery", Clark wrote of the Teton Sioux, "These are the vilest miscreants of the savage race, and must ever remain the pirates of the Missouri, until such measures are pursued, by our government, as will make them feel a dependence on its will for their supply of merchandise"

The re-enactment spokespersons alleged that they had no authority to stop the expedition as the ultimate decision lies with a board of directors. Initially, they requested three days to respond to the tribal resistance group's demands. In a subsequent discussion, they agreed to provide and answer to the group's warrior society on Sunday, September 19, 2004.

However, Clark, a direct lineal descendent of the original William

Clark stated that it would be unlikely to cancel the expedition because of the resources invested to carry out the re-enactment and the future events planned along the river route to commemorate the original event.

The resistors contend that the original Lewis & Clark Expedition was the dawn of genocide for the Plains Indian Tribes. The tribal resistors have committed themselves to stopping the re-enactor's expedition before they



# COPWATCH!

The police run around with guns, badges, and the desire to regulate and repress you. Meanwhile, who are they accountable to? *Who polices the police?* It's up to us as a community to watch the cops, educate the public about their rights, learn the police beats, and keep the cops from beating citizens. They are, after all, the most violent members of our society-so watch out for the cops!

<http://copwatch.com> <http://infoshop.org>  
<http://www.copwatch.cjb.net>



## SCHOOL OF FREE THOUGHT OPENS IN RAPID CITY

If you haven't heard about the new free school in Rapid City, here's a little basic info and the schedule for classes & workshops this August.

The Rapid City School of Free Thought is an alternative to the restrictive style of public schools and college. Ever feel like you were in prison when you were sitting in a classroom? Ever been treated like an outcast in school? Have you ever been bored out of your mind by tedious worksheets and disinterested teachers and classmates?

### THE SCHOOL OF FREE THOUGHT IS FOR YOU.

The School of Free Thought is run by volunteers (from within and outside of our Punk Rock Community). It provides classes and workshops for free-thinkers and creative individuals. There are and will soon be a variety of subjects, such as: Political Activism, Art, Martial Arts Self Defense, Creative Writing, Vegan/Vegetarian Cooking, Women's Issues, Survival Skills, and much much more. The teachers are all volunteers. They are just teaching about what they know. There are no entrance fees, no grades, just attend whatever classes you can make it to. Everything is open to debate and discussion. The only rule, really, is Respect.

IT'S FOR PEOPLE ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN LEARNING, TAUGHT BY PEOPLE ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN TEACHING.

It's nothing like the school systems you have been immersed in. It's laid back, involved, and real.

FOR MORE INFO,

sacrificaldove@hotmail.com

A FEW OF THE FREE SCHOOL CLASSES IN AUGUST:

DO IT YOURSELF POLITICAL ACTIVISM

WOMEN'S ISSUES

MARTIAL ARTS SELF-DEFENSE

PUNK ROCK NATURE HIKE IN THE BLACK HILLS

14

## the 2004 CrimethInc. Convergence in Des Moines

We spent months organizing and fundraising. Everything we did leading up to the gathering seemed to fall right into place...

Friday night came quickly, and as the convergence officially began, things were off to a good start... Saturday began with Food Not Bombs at noon. It went well, as we

fed more homeless people that day than any other in recent memory. Afterwards, people split up into small groups to dumpster and gather food for the night. I got out to the campsite at around 10:00 pm, and was informed that the police had arrested at least one person in Des Moines on account of an allegedly broken Radio Shack window and supposed possession of a slingshot. Because the individual was a minor, he was put in Juvenile Hall, which made it very difficult for us to obtain information on his situation. This development was unfortunate news, because it offered a self-up for constant police and FBI harassment and intimidation for the duration of the convergence.

We didn't let this affect our plans, however. We continued our efforts, doing everything we could to get our friend out of jail and to maintain morale and motivation in our numbers. We held a security culture workshop later that night, and everyone agreed to be very cautious when doing anything that would give the authorities any more opportunity than they already had to disrupt our activities... Of course, our being anarchists was itself sufficient to bring upon us all the scrutiny and repression they could muster. The intimidation tactics the authorities used the next few days were straight out of the textbook: they threatened us with evictions, conspiracy charges, arrests, and so on... It seemed at this point that they were just picking us off one by one, and were clearly hoping to prevent all of us from going to the Republican National Convention. Materials that were to be used in workshops and skill shares mysteriously disappeared from our campsite, including lamp oil that was to be used for a fire-breathing skill share and PVC pipe that was to be used in a home-made didgeridoo workshop. The pigs then issued a statement saying they had "evidence" that we were

planning to make bombs and carry out attacks at the RNC. At that point, an article for which a friend of mine had been interviewed a week earlier came out in the press, preparing the public for such ridiculous accusations and calling them "typical police tactics that have been used to demonize anarchists and activists alike for well over 100 years." This proved to be helpful, as we gained public support from many local activist groups.

Although some of the activities we had planned were effectively disrupted, I still believe that this was

a good experience for everyone. The most important thing to remember, in my opinion, is that as we went to be taken seriously, we have to expect to be taken seriously by the authorities. This harassment came as no surprise to me, and shouldn't have to anyone else either. We were obviously doing something effective, and frightened them enough to take the actions they did. We just need to learn to be strong, and do as much as we can to prepare, and fight back against anything they dish out.

report courtesy of an unusual suspect

151